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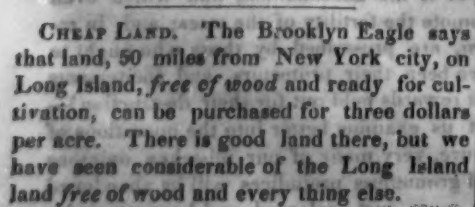
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PUSHING ALONG. The Amherst (Mass.) Express says, that a stalk of corn in the garden of Mr. B. Park of that town, grew, in three of the hot days of last week, sixteen and one half inches. The first day it grew six inches; the second, five and a half; and the third, five.

at Gosport, the other at Philadelphia. Both will be propelled by side wheels. The other two are to be second class vessels, each of 1379 tons burthen; 210 feet between perpendiculars; 27 feet beam, extreme, and 23 feet depth to gun-deck in hold. One is to be built at New York; the other at Kittery, Me. One is to be propelled by side wheels, the other by a screw propeller.

“One shilling, ma’am.” “Let me have,” she continued, lowering her voice, “half a pint of charge it as sugar on the book.”

At a dinner party in Glasgow, flames were issuing from a gentleman's coat tails; a rush was made to extinguish them.

* Report of the joint committee that the two houses agree upon the bill.

Report that the bill to incorporate the town of Annsburg ought not to pass, was accepted.

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[Boston Post.

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The Muse.

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BY ELIZA COOK.

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The Story-Teller.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

BY WM. T. ROGERS, JR.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, it was a cheerful evening in October; the sun had already set, a young moon was struggling with the dark clouds that at intervals obscured her bright disc, as they were borne along by the restless fury of the angry wind which howled dismally among the naked branches of the leafless forest trees. Now it came in fitful gusts, scattering the fallen leaves, and whining pitiously at its lack of power. Now it increased in strength, snapping the decayed branches, and bending the tough boughs of the sturdy oaks.

Ann swelled into an overwhelming blast, twisting the gnarled trunks, and with a deafening crash uprooted and overthrowing the mighty lords of the soil—then sinking into a sullen moan, it howled a mournful requiem over its spent and departed strength.

Dark indeed, and dismal was the night, and furious the warring of the elements, but darker and more dismal were the reflections, and more fierce the conflict that raged within the breast of the injured patriot, who forms the subject of our narrative.

Mr. Charles Forman was a young farmer residing within a few miles of Hallowell. At the first outbreaking of our Revolutionary troubles, he had shouldered his musket, and tearing himself from his young and lovely wife, had fought, ay, and bled in Freedom's cause.

He was with the army at Morristown, when, having received intelligence of the illness of his wife, he asked and obtained leave to visit his home.

He had travelled on foot and alone for two days—had crossed the rugged "Blue Ridge," and on the evening of the second day had reached his humble dwelling. As he neared the house, the evidences of a Tory visit were—even at night—plainly discernible.

With a beating heart he crossed the little court-yard, and stood upon the door-step—His heart sank within him, as he lifted the latch, and found the door was fastened—Gently he knocked, fearing to disturb his suffering wife; again he knocked, and again, but knocked in vain. There was no cheerful light, as of late was wont to beam from his little window, to comfort those within, and direct the weary, way-worn wanderer to a shelter. No curling smoke issued from the chimney; no blazing hearth was there; and he was flapping of the shutters, and the rustling of the vines that overhung the porch, all else was silent.

He could endure suspense no longer; and forcing the door he stood within the house—All was darkness there. He groped his way to the bedside, but it stood tenantless. He called upon his wife by name—no answer came! "Sarah!" he cried, and the winds howled the louder, as if in mockery of his agony. With a trembling hand he produced his tinder-box, and lighted the lamp that stood in its accustomed place, upon the mantle-piece.

Great Heaven! what a sight did its pale rays reveal to him. Extended upon the floor lay the body of his wife, with his infant child clasped to her breast—both cold in death! Blood, too, was there—the life-blood of his guileless wife, and innocent babe—a cold, congealed pool!

"Oh, God! my wife, my child!" he shrieked—his brain reeled, and tottering a few paces he fell at her side. Soon he recovered himself, and lifting them gently from the floor, he placed them side by side upon the bed, and stood silently gazing upon the placid countenance of his young wife, beautiful even in death.

There is an eloquence in silence, when the heart is too full for utterance, and a solemn voice in silent grief. Vain were our attempt to describe the tumult of feeling, the crush of emotions that filled the heart of poor Charles, as he bent over the body of his murdered wife. No word escaped him, no sigh, no tear drop started, but his bosom heaved quickly, his lip quivered, and his eye rolled wildly, and with a demoniacal glare. He seemed as though his every faculty of mind was intent upon one word, which should speak the fulness of his misery and desperation, and his lip struggled to give utterance! At length it came. "Fengence!" and he started at the hoarse, unearthly tones of his own voice, "Fengence!" and the dark winds swept away the echo as it turned. "Fengence!" and

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Read the world's record—note how these shall fill it;
Will dare to raise the doubts that shall thrill it,
Inquiring oft, mad fictions base and blind,
Did God so will it?

'Tis a fit question when the tramp to man
When he would tempt the brave already dead,
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The Muse.

Did God So Will It?

BY ELIZA COOK.

Did God so will it? Truth is the tone
That exalts the soul from the dust of the
And worshippers at the Eternal Throne
Will breathe it forth in the hour of death.
We note the scenes that crowd upon our eyes,
Rousing the heart to the clash and chill of life,
Oh, who shall gaze, not feel the question rise—
Did God so will it?

The holy word, typed by the gentle hand
Of holy peace, is often yielded around
As a voice was crying—saying "thou art dead,"
Biting and biting where the heart is bound.
"The word," is the voice of heaven,
Piercing with the mission, how do ye fulfil it?
Even as tyrants and strife attend—
Did God so will it?

The red-ankled beauty holds her hunting field
As Nature's heritage by human law,
Content with what the book and river yield,
Her rugged wicket and her tawny hawk;
But the smooth wicket drives him back and back;
Let his voice lead of right, and night shall still it,
Till his five steps are thrust from their own track—
Did God so will it?

The birds of fortune eat, drink, laugh, and sleep,
Secure knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat;
Strange content with the lark, plucked from the creep
With roodless hands, and bleeding, heartless feet.
While sweet Wealth reclines in ease and joy,
Where the full feast is decked with costly diet,
Wonder and Hunger ask with moody lie,
Did God so will it?

'Tis a fit question when the coward hand
Deals sudden anguish to the patient slave;
Proudly through the air, the golden rain
To rule, but not to torture the poor slave.
When wouldst thou urge the brave slave to a task,
Knowing the man, inhuman work will fill it,
Hearest not then the voice of conscience arise?
Did God so will it?

Crime clothed in greatness holds a wondrous claim
On the world's treasures—"tis well will dare
To call foul conduct by its proper name
When it can provide prey in golden hair;
But let the pauper sin—Virtue, disgraced,
Rears a high altar, and vengeance must fill it,
Justice, thy badge is not fairly placed—
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